MAXINGS LATEST INVENTION, AS YET UNPERFECTED, THE AEROPLANE,

The Inventor Expinies His Theory, and, Without Bonsting, Gives His Reasons for Thinking That It is Practicable, From the Corresposition Magazine.

In discussing the question of aerial naviga-

tion, I think we should first consider what has already been done before making any suggestions as to the best means of accomplishing the fact. The would-be navigators of the air are now divided into two parties or classes. namely, those who seek the solution of the with an apparatus lighter than the air, and those who believe in its solution with an apparatus heavier than the air. The former, in all cases, propose to use the bal-loon in some form or other, and it may be said that very little progress has been made in this line since the days of the Montgolflers, this line since the days of the Montgolflers, who were the first to make a balloon sufficiently light to rise in the air. None of the recent attempts to navigate the air by means of balloons, whatever field the large and size, can be said to be any advance over ballons and some has yet been made which is not almost completely at the mercy of the wind. In discussing this question with a French officer who had for a long time been attached to the Experimental Balloon Corps, he informed me that the highest speed that had ever been obtained from a "dirigible" balloon, with all the power that could be carried, was only about four miles per hour; and, said he, "the wind always blows a little more than four miles an hour, consequently we always travel in the direction of the wind; we never go the other way."

miles an hour, consequently we always travel in the direction of the wind; we never go the other way."

I think we may safely assume that there are not many days in the year when the wind does not blow at the rate of ten miles an hour, and admitting this, if we should construct a machine which would travel against this wind at the rate of five miles an hour, the machine would have to pass through the air at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. This would give an atmospheric pressure against a balloon of about one and an eighth pounds per square foot, which would first distort and then destroy it. If a balloon should be attached to a railway train travelling at the rate of lifteen miles an hour in a dead caim, it would be found that the balloon, instead of pulling upward as it would when standing still, would pull backward, and that the horizontal pull would be greater than the vertical pull; in fact, the cord towing the balloon would be nearly horizontal. Any object, to float in the air after the manner of a balloon, must have a mean specific gravity less than the air itself, and this does not admit of sufficient solidity to enable it to be propelled through the air at a speed great enough to be of any practical use as far as actual aerial navigation is concerned.

It is well known that all balloons owe their buoyancy to their being inflated with a gas which is considerably lighter than air. Dr. De Bausset, however, proposes to construct a balloon lighter than the air by pumping out three-quarters of the air instead of by inflating it with a light gas. So far no one has ever been able to make a cylinder or sphere light enough to float in the air and at the same time sufficiently strong to resist the enormous pressure of the air instead of by inflating it with a light gas. So far no one has ever been able to make a cylinder or sphere light enough to float in the air and at the same time sufficiently strong to resist the enormous pressure of the air notes the enormous pressure of the air notes the enormous pressure

pressure of the atmosphere on its exterior surface. Dr. De Bausset admits if the apparatus—which he proposes to make 150 feet in diameter and 750 feet in longth—should be made of steel strong enough to resist the external pressure of the air, that it would have to be soven inches thick and its weight would be considerably greater than the air displaced; but he proposes to resist this enormous pressure by a counterforce of compressed air stored in a series of tubes which line his enormous cylindrical balloon; in other words, he proposes to pump the air out of the interior of his balloon and to compress it into a tubular lining. It may seem a curious fact that the weight of the air which would have to be employed to resist this external pressure, whether it occupied the whole of the interior or only a part of it, would always be a constant. If Dr. De Bausset should pump all of the air out of nine-tenths of the space it would require in the one-tenth remaining ten atmospheres to sustain the external pressure, and this ten atmospheres in one-tenth part of the space would weigh just as much as one atmosphere in the whole space, consequently, if his whole apparatus should be placed on a weighing machine, it would be found that with all the pumping that could be done the weight of the apparatus would not be changed one ounce, and this will apply to all pressures, whether it be one atmosphere or a thousand atmospheres. It will always require one pound of air in the machine to keep one pound of external air from entering or collapsing the machine. Since balloons proved to be of considerable service during the slegg of Paris, the French Government has done a great deal to perfect the science of ballooning, and a very able corps of experimental engineers, with all the resources of science at their disposal, has been constantly employed with a view of rendering balloons. However, there is still a large number of the unscientific who look for the solution of this problem through the agoncy of ballooning.

"We are lumber of

"We are engaged in constructing several small ones, he said, at our works at Mount Carmol, Ill., and ere long will proceed to manufacture a ship with which to cross the Atlantic, and capable of carrying fifty passengers. The last will require about a year to complete. As soon as it is finished I will cross the ecean in it. In fact, it is perfectly feasible to travel in it all over the globe. We will be able to go through the atmosphere at the rate of 200 miles an hour. A man can go will be to go through the atmosphere at the rate of 200 miles and hour. A man can go will be to go the control of the c

think we should seek to navigate the air with machines heavier than the air.

Prof. Langley and myself were both inde-pendently engaged at the same time on simi-jar experiments, with a view of finding our know much power was required for flight. The

Professor attached his machines to a rotating term moutated on a central prote the arm being ployed an arm rather more than thirty-one recitions, the radius of a 200-foot circle. We were being the radius of a 200-foot circle. We were being the radius of a 200-foot circle. We were the provided with very delice and according to the recition of the plane would lift at various angles and at various lift, and the plane would lift at various angles and at various lift, and the plane would lift at various angles and at various lift, and the plane would lift at various angles and at various lift, and the plane would lift at various angles and at various lift, and the plane will be proved to a fixing machine and at this angle lifted as much as eight when my planes when placed at this angle would carry fourteen bounds for every pound of push imparted to them by the screw propeller. It were the plane would carry fourteen bounds for every pound of push imparted to them by the screw propeller. It were the plane would lift be proved to a flying machine would have to be propelled by wings, after the manner of a bird, but lift be received in the plane would have to be propelled by wings, after the manner of a bird, but lift be received in the plane would carry the plane will be proved to a first but lift be proved to a plane will be proved to a plane will be proved to be very efficient, and my be connected directly with any motor without the interest beautinesses of the plane be not found to be very efficient, and my be connected directly with any motor without the interest beautinesses. It is a provided the provide

surface. Such a condenser does not have to be very much larger than on cooled by water, but the quantity of air which is brought in contact with it must be about 3,000 times as great. This, however, presents no difficulty. The condenser need not weigh more than half a pound per horse power.

A well-made small engine and boiler need not consume more than two pounds of petroleum per horse power per hour. For a five hours run the motor, fuel, and water need not weigh more than 25 pounds, and the distance travelled over would be about 250 miles. Having assertained the foregoing facts, how should we proceed to construct a successful flying machine?

First, we should require that a sum of \$100.000 be placed at our disposal. We should then obtain a tract of level land in the vicinity of New York, where it would be possible to construct a circular railway about one mile long, using a gauge of about ten feet, and rails that would weigh twenty pounds to the yard; that is, the kind of very light rails ordinarily used by contractors for building purposes. It would then be necessary to construct a large shed or workshop at least sixty feet wide, eighty feet long, and thirty-five feet high. One end of this room should be closed in by doors, so that when the machine was fluished it could be run out on the railway track without being taken apart. If the room were only sixty feet wide it would be necessary to add on the extensions to the acropiane outside of the building. It would also be advisable to erea high tence to support and protect the doors when they were open, and to shelter the machine from the wind while the aeroplane was being adjusted. The framework of the aeroplane and the superstructure of the machine should be best constructed of strong sized tubes, steel being considerably stronger, weight for weight, than a luminium. These tubes should be propelled by two serves, wheelshould be very light and strong of large diameter, and placed at a considerable distance apart. They should be of comparatively line pitch, and should be very light and strong, of large diameter, and placed at a considerable distance apart. They should be of comparatively line pitch, and be driven at a very high speed.

Having erected our building, having constructed our railway, having secured the services of an artist in steam generators, of an artist in petroleum burners, and of an artist in brazing steel tubes, and all these artists having accomplished the work intrusted to them in a satisfactory manner and completed the machine in all its detail, we should first ascertain how much power was required to propel its bare poles or tubes through the air at various velocities. The machine should be run around the one-mile track at all speeds from twenty miles per hour to 100 miles per hour, and the power actually required should be carefully noted. These runs would enable us to ascertain how our pumps worked at high speed, and how much our screws pushed, and if we put a brake to the wheels we should find out the slip of the screws. We could also ascertain the efficiency of our condenser at various speeds, and the temperature of the water could be taken. In order to run on a railway track the machine, of course, must be provided with wheels, and two sets of these would be necessary; one set should be of great weight, so as to hold the machine down when running on the track, and the other set should be necessary; one set should be of great weight, so as to hold the machine down when running on the track, and the other set should be necessary; one set wheel sweet sets of the machine had been made to operate smoothly and satisfactorily. The silk could be placed on the accipance and then our serious experiments might be said to commence. We should first begin by running slowly—say at the rate of twenty miles and then our serious experiments might be said to commence. We should first begin by running slowly—say at the rate of twenty miles are hour—and carefully note the lift on the indexes over each wheel. If we found that with a speed of twenty miles an hour

load on sither wheel, we might consider that we had arrived at a stage in our experiments where we could turn our attention to the subject of a steering to a steered in only one direction, to the right or to the left. A locamotive torpedo or a flying machine must be atcored in two directions, right or left and up or down. We should experie the up and down or wertical direction. We should attach two long arms to our seroplane in such a manner that they would project a considerable distance in the rear of the machine. To these arms we should project a considerable distance in the rear of the machine. To these arms we should project a considerable distance in the rear of the machine. To these arms we should project a considerable distance in the rear of the arms of the machine. To these arms we should project a considerable distance in the rear of the arms of the machine. To these arms we should then take a run on the track and see if changing the arms of the machine. We should then take a run on the track and see if changing the arms of the stage of the forward end of the machine. Suppose that at a speed of thirty-five miles berhour with point, we should into that it would do this, but not sufficiently so, we should attach another rudder in exactly the same manner to the forward end of the machine. Suppose that at a speed of thirty-five miles berhour without well and the whole weight of the wheels (2,000 pounds) by the track; we could then consider that the advanced by the accordance of the speed of thirty-five miles an hour. We should then elevate the front edge of the forward rudder and depress the front edge of the forward rudder and depress the front edge of the forward rudder and depress the front edge of the forward rudder and depress the front edge of the forward rudder and depress the front edge of the forward rudder and depress the front edge of the forward rudder and depress the front edge of the forward rudder and depress to the steed of the forward the forward the forward the forward the forward the f

COSTLY THINGS.

by Dollars and Cenis. The State Capitol at Albany, N. Y., is the costliest building of modern times. Nineteen million six hundred thousand dollars have Washington from 1793, when its corner stone pensive furniture, its almost annual alterations

pensive furniture, its almost annual alterations and repairs, less than \$13,000,000. The most expensive municipal hall in the world and the largest in the United States is the City Building of Philadelphia. The largest clock in the world is to be in its tower. The most expensive Legislature in the world is that of France, which costs annually \$3,-600,000. The Italian Parliament costs \$430,-000 a year.

Oco a year.
The next to the highest price over paid for a Arts next to the inglass price over pain tor a horse in the world was slot, 500, 500, for which axtell, the trotter, was sold in Indiana at the age of three years. On Jan. 11, 1832, Arton was sold by Senator Stanford to I. Malcolm Porbes of Hoston for \$150,000. That beats all prices. Charles fleed of the Fairview Farm, Tonn., gave \$100,000 for the great stallion St. Blaise at a sale in New York in October, 1891.

The costlicet paintings of modern times are Meissonier's. 1814. and Milie's The Angelus. McChauchard gave 180,000 francs (2170,000). The Costlicet paintings of modern times are field,000. The costlicet paintings of modern times are field,000. The field of the Angelus. Mr. Heavy Hilton in 1897. The Milion of Art.

The most costly book in the world is declared to be at 1898. The Milion of Art.

The trotted to self the Biolo for its weight in gold, which would amount to \$100,000. That is the greatest price ever offered for a book. The 1828 at tall public was sold in Holland for \$2,200. It weighed 200 grains.

The costlicet meal ever served, according to history, was a supper given by Elius Verus, one of the most avisn of all the Homans of the allowed the Art. Accelerated feast given by Vitelitus, a longer the Art. Accelerated feast given by Vitelitus, a longer the Art. Accelerated feast given by Vitelitus, a longer of the Art. Accelerated feast given by Vitelitus, a longer of the Art. Accelerated feast given by Vitelitus, a longer of the Art. Accelerated feast given by Vitelitus, a longer of the Art. The costlicest cord of the Art. The costlicest of the brand and the Suitan cach possess a material of the prince of the London Trars for able to the world are those of the Jahanarah of Baroda, Ind

work and the Tones paid out 530,000 for one week's despatches.
W. J. Florence, the comedian, once offered \$5,000 for a catch phrase about which an American comedy could be written. Nobody supplied the demand.
The coafflest phrase in recent years was "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion."

GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY. The Remarkable Career of a Cheeky Man

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Nobody knew whence he came, and nobody could trace him after he got ready to go, but the adventurous earcer of the man of many different names in the States of Ohio and Indiana excited a good deal of admiration as well as disgust. Nine-tenths of the adult population of any country have more or less sympathy for a criminal, no matter what his crime, and an offender of supreme cheek and polite address has the whole field to himself. This man made his start in a small town in Ohlo. He registered at the village inn as "James A. Gray of New York." He was about 25 years old, good looking, well dressed, and he claimed to be rich and single.

The wealthlest man in the town was an old fellow named Arnold. He would lend money to his neighbors, but always at big interest and on gilt-edged security. He never speculated, gave to charity, nor encouraged local improvements. He was so close-fisted that he had the name of being a miser. He was so suspicious of strangers that he would not have taken a millionaire's check for ten dollars. The President of the village corporation was a leading merchant and accounted a shrewd man. He had a daughter 20 years old whom he held to be too good for any young man in that county. Within three days of his arrival James A. Gray had become friendly with the old miser and been introduced to the merchant's daughter by the merchant him-self. Just six weeks to a day from the time he entered the village he was married to the girl and they started on a bridal tour and to buy machinery for a carpet factory. Arnold and the merchant had contributed \$8,000 each in cash, and Gray had the money in his pocket. He deserted the bride in Boston, and she was home within ten days.

The police record proved that just six weeks later he returned to the Buckeye State and setfrom the first. Here he gave his name as cisco, and claimed to be the owner of a rich gold mine. He pretended to be looking for a brother he had not heard of for years, and everybody gave him all the assistance possible. His first move was to feel grateful to the Sheriff of the county and let him into the mine on the ground floor. In other words, he sold the official a \$10,000 interest for \$3,000. The Sheriff had a sister who had been a widow for three years. She was young, good looking, and had \$7,000 life insurance. As White was in a hurry to get back to his mine he fell in love, proposed, was accepted, and the marriage took place on the forty-second day after he struck the town. He deserted his bride in Chicago, and he got \$4,000 of her money to add to the \$3,000 from the Sheriff.

His next adventure took place in central Indiana. He made his appearance in a town of about 3,000 inhabitants under the name of George H. Tompkins. He claimed to be from which should employ 200 men. His first move was to secure an option on a ten-acre plat of ground. He then contracted for brick and lumber in large quantities, paying out about

stoo more. Then he was ready to organize the Indiana Tool Company, and to fail in love where the indiana Tool Company, and to fail in love shapes of the company were put at \$50 each, so that everybody could invest and it was no trick at all to raise of the company were put at \$50 each, so that everybody could invest and it was no trick at all to raise of the child of this money, but was balked by the thick-headeness of one of the stockholders. He had married the girl, however, and they days to bring things about in this instance, and all he got out of it was the \$500 the Postmaster gave his daughter as a wedding present and he left her in Buffalo without a dollar.

For the next three months the raised was probably Iring low somewhere, but at the end except the publication of the profession of the control of the control

books, fruits, &c., and it is a streight fact that most of his wives called on him and shed tears, and hoped he would not be sent to prison.

The turnkey at the jail was an old man, the father-in-law of the Sheriff. The Sheriff had a daughter IS years old. When the old man realized the extent of public sympathy he was considerably affected and inclined to be as lonient as possible. When the young girl heard the sympathetic words of the callers and noticed tears in the eyes of the more emotional, she made the rascal her hero and fell in love with him. He was quick to read her feelings and to encourage her. I believe that ten out of the twelve wives visited Worthington in jail. In each instance they arrived in town with blood in their eyes and thirsting for vengeance. In some cases the turnkey took pistols and daggers and to no of the lot who did not fall upon his shoulder and weep and forgive him, and each and every one left him what money she could spare. It is presumed that he promised each one to return to her alone if he escaped prison. The wives were so jealous of each other that four of them had a regular hair-pulling match when they happened to meet one day in front of the jail.

Worthington would have been convicted off-hand by any jury in the land, although by the date of his trial most of his wives would have refused to testify against him. He knew what was in store for him, and he didn't want any of it. He slyly encouraged the Sheriff's daughter in her feelings and flattered the old turnkey, and a week before the date of his trial he walked out of the jail. The girl found opportunity to get hold of the keys and let him out. They had planned an elopement. She bought railroad tickets, gave him the time of the train, and he went to the depot as soon as clear of the jail. She joined him in time for the train, but the fellow seemed to have a bit of conscience left. He fixed up a plan for her to meet him in Indianapolis three days later, and saw her start for the jail residence before he took the train. His

SKELETON GULCH.

The Terrible Punishment of a Desperado

It is a strange scene here this August morning in the camp on the upper forks of the Big Cheyenne River, Dakota, with the Black Hills looming up in the west. There are six emi-grant wagons in camp—gold seekers and their families hurrying to the new El Dorado. There are half a dozen horsemen besides, making fourteen men in all. Breakfast has been prepared and eaten, and thirteen of the men are sitting in a circle. The other occupies the centre, tied hand and foot. The women and children look on and speak in whispers.

Is it a trial by jury? No. There is no need of a trial. Last night this man attempted robbery, murder, and flight. Accident aided his capture, and when he found himself bailled he cursed the companions with whom he had travelled for many days and boasted that he had meant to poison them all had not circum-stances prevented. He is guilty on his own betrayed him. He is to die, but how? That is the point the counsel will decide. Listen The leader of the party is speaking:

"All in favor of shooting hold up the right hand! Six hands up. All in favor of hanging hold up the same hand! Six. It's a tie. I vote ag'in both. Take him up that ravine!"

The White Hills are right here to the left.

and the mouth of a dark and rugged guich is only fifty rods away. Four stalwart men pick leader goes to one of the wagons and secures chains and tools and follows on. The prisoner struggles and curses and reviles as he is carried along, but no man replies to him. They have not advanced forty feet into the guich before they are in twilight. Lanterns are lighted, and they move along for a hundred feet more. Neither sunshine nor the light of day has touched this spot since the creation of the continent. It has been midnight here for thousands of years. It is doubtful if eyes other than those of serpents and flerce wild

other than those of serpents and flerce wild beasts have ever rested upon these wet and slimy rocks.

"Hait! Here is the spot."

The men group about the prisoner, who has suddenly been awed to silence, and the leader passes a stout chain around the man's body, and uses a boulder for an anvil as he rivots it. Then with cold chisel and hammer he works a hoie into a rock projecting from the side, and at the end of haif an hour his task is finished. The growl of the grizzly as he made his way up and down and the hiss of the serpont when disturbed by the fall of a stone have been heard down here in this awful darkness, but never before the blows of a hammer or the whisper of human voices.

"For God's sake, take me out and shoot or hang me!"

So cries the prisoner as the men gather here hang me!"
So cries the prisoner as the men gather below him and are ready to go. No answer.
They hold up the lanterns to see that he is
safely fastened and then turn their backs on
him and disappear.
"Have mercy on me! Come back and shoot
me here!"

"Have merey on me! Come back and shoot me here!"

They hear his voice and the clanking of his chains, but no one turns his head—no one pleads for him. They emerge into the sunshine, hitch up their horses, take their places as on the day before, and in twenty minutes the rear wagen is out of sight.

Up the guich the man stands listening. He is hoping that some one will return. There are women and children with the train; they will surely plead for him. The whinny of a horse and the shout of a driver comes faintly to his ears through that pitch-black darkness, but only once. Then nil is quiet. An hour age his eyes were blazing with fury and his speech was loud and vindictive. His eyes look terror now, and his lips are so dry that not a whisper could pass over them.

eyes were blazing with fury and his speech was loud and vindictive. His eyes look terror now, and his lips are so dry that not a whisper could pass over them.

Ah! Is some one returning—some one who has voted that he must die, but who will place the muzzle of a revolver to his broast and kill him out of pity? There are soft footsteps—some one is surely coming I No! 'Tis the drip! drip! drip! of the water as it falls off the shelf above and strikes on the rocky bed of the gulch. He groans and curses and cries out. The rock behind him is damp. He turns and leks li to cool his parched tongue and fevered lips. One at the mouth of the gulch could hear him pant as he tugs at his chain—as he tries It link by link—as he sways to the right and left, and puts forth the strongth of an ex. The cry of despair he utters when he realizes his utter helplessness reaches the treetops far above as they bathe in the bright sunshine, and he sinks down exhausted and unconscious.

Night has come. Now and then there is a horrible clanking of chains: now and then the solitude would be that of the grave. But for the despension of the grave. But for the directops that wild beast creeping down the gulch to investigate the strange sounds heard at intervals the darkness would be that of the grave. But for the first day of creation. Listen!

"I got away from them in the darkness and they can't find the trail—ia! hi! ha! They had money and I was bound to have it! Did the fools think I was going to dig and delve for gold in the carih! I'd have whed out the whole lot if I hadn't lost my bottle of poison—every last one of 'em! It's all right, though—hal ha! ha!"

Baving? Yes! The solitude and the darkness and the thought of to-merrow and the next day and the next have driven him to insanity. He will live on for several days yet, but God has been more meriful than man. Those who doomed him may nover return, but hunters and prospectors and Indians will stand here and cry out in herror at the sight of a doad body supported by a rusting chain. No ma give it a burial. They will go away to speak of "Skeleton Gulen" and to shiver about their camp free as they recall its awful blackness and solitude.

Getting Toned Up.

There was a fakir with an electrical machine on wheels in the public square at Chattanooga. Anyone wanting his system toned up had only o hand him a nickel and grasp the handles attached to the battery. Business was growing a little slack when an old darky coupleman and wife-came along and paused to see and hear. After three or four minutes the husband turned and said: "Linda. I'ze gwine ter git my system

oned up." "Shoo, now, Moses! Doan' yo' dun go foolin' around 'bout yo'r sistem. Yo'r system's all right."

"I'ze feelin powerful bad jess now. Linda-Reckon it might take dat feelin' o' geneness

"I'ze a tellin yo' not to fool wid dat ar masheen, Moses!" she vigorously replied.
"Mebbe it's good fur de system, an' mebbe it'll dun knock you frew de middle of next week. You's too ole to take chances, Moses."

"Keep quiet, honey. Reckon I know what's fur de best. Hold dis washoo'd while I git toned up."

He passed over his nickel and seized the handles. It was one of those batteries which hangs onto a man until the current is shut off. Ayer's Hair Vigor

Is the most elegant and popular hair-dressing in the market. It quickens into renewed activity the hair-roots and thus restores to the hair all that has been lost by sickness, old age, or neglect. It imparts to the hair a silken texture, keeps the scalp clean, and

cures itching and troublesome humors. When the hair becomes thin, faded, or gray, the "I have used Aver" Hair Vigor for near-ly five years, and my use of Ayer's Hair Vigor brings out a new growth of the original color, fullhair is moist, glossy and in an excellent state of preservation. I am forty years old, and have ridden the plains for twenty-five years."—Wm. Henry Ott, alias "Mustang Bill," Newcastle, Wyo.

ness, and beauty. It is positively without equal.

"My hair began turning gray and falling out when I was about 25 years of age. I have lately been using Ayer's Hair Vigor, and it is causing a new growth of hair of the natural color. It is a wonderful dressing, and has been of great benefit to my wife in removing dandruff, with which she was very much troubled. She considers it indispensable to her tollet."—R. J. Lowry, Jones Prairie, Milan Co., Texas.

"This is to certify that for many very I have had an itching of the scale, and my hale."

"This is to certify that for many years I have had an itching of the scalp, and my half had nearly all fallen off. I was induced by Dr. T. J. Gossett to try Ayer's Hair Vigor. By so doing, the itching was entirely cured and the hair grew out on the top of my head, where it was bald."—J. W. Harp, Deputy P. M., Mullinville, Kans.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists Everywhere

and the longer it hangs the stronger the current becomes. The old man had got about enough, and his back was arched up and his feet spread apart, when two dogs began fighting a few yards away. The crowd made a rush, and the old man at the handles was forgotten until he began yelling at the top of his voice. As soon as the current was turned off he dropped in a heap. We carried him to the wa'k and laid him on his back and threw water in his face, and after three or four minutes he opened his eyes and gasped out:

"Dat—dat yo', Linda?"

"Yes, dat's I!" she sternly repiled.

"An' what's dun got de mattah wid me?"

"De mattah wid yo', lioses? De mattah wid yo', loses? Pe mattah wid yo', loses? I'l on wheels, an' yo' paid 5 cents to git yo'r sistem toned up by takin' hold of de handles. Yo's got de tone! Yo'r moul' is all drawed around on yo'r shoulder, dat left eye is all cocked up, an boaf yo'r knees am wobblin' like a rabbit in a bresh fence. Git up, ole man—git up an' come along an' bring dat tone wid yo', and by un glad yo hain't an ole fool nigger no to signs.

BROTHER GARDNER ON SIGNS.

Under the By-laws the Limetila Club Does Not Belleve in Them.

Copyright, 1892, by C. R. Lowis. When the business of the Saturday night meeting of the Limekiln Club had been concluded.BrotherGardner arose and looked down the alsle as if in search of a certain member.

began, "dat sartin members of dis club am firm believers in signs an warnin's. Fur instance, I am told dat Brudder Standoff Jackson heard a clock strike thirteen times de odder night an he was so affected dat he couldn't go to work next day. He believed it was a sign of a sudden death in his fam'ly. I am told dat Brudder Giveadam Jones saw de new moon over his left shoulder one night ast week, and he done felt so poky ober it dat he had to soak his feet an go to bed. I l'arn dat Brudder Waydown Beboo saw three white hosses clus together de odder day on de street

an he run home to see if de baby was dead.
"Only last night I was informed dat Kurnel Kyann Johnson, second Vice-President of dis club, set up all night de odder night bekase arter supper. It seems to me, from what I hev heard doorin de last fo' weeks dat nine-tenths

heard doorin de last fo' weeks dat nine-tenths of de membors of dis club am nightly 'spectin to see ghosts walkin about deir bedrooms. I desian to call yo'r attenshun to by-law No. 65], which yo' hev perhaps dun forgot. It reads dat any member of dis club who believes in ghosts may be fined as high as \$16,000 or expelled from de club. De Secretary will now call de roll. All yo' dat believe, in ghosts will stand up as he hits yo'r names."

The Secretary called the roll, but not a member stood up.

"De ghost bixness seems to bev played out all of a sudden!" observed the President as the list was finished. "Perhaps, howeber, we hev some members who believe in signs an' warnin's. De Secretary will call de roll agin, an' de believers will stand up. Hefo' doin's of I should like to callyo'r attenshun to by-law No. 652, which reads dat any believer in signs an' warnin's may be fined as high as \$10,000, or suspended from de club fur one y'ar."

The roll was called again, but every member seemed to hold himself down in his chair.

"Doan' seem to be nobody standin' up." said Brother Gardner, as he looked around the room. "We will now see how many members believe in dreams. By-law No. 653 reads dat any member who professes his belief in dreams or who shall argufy to another member dat dreams as meent by de angels in Heaven to warn us of what am to come may be fined as high as \$5,000 or suspended fur six months. All yo' dat believe in dreams stand up as yo'r names am called."

For the third time the roll was called without a member moving a foot. As the Secretary sat down a profound silence fell upon the one

hundred men. The President finally broke in on it by rising and observing:

No ghosts—no signs an' warnin's—no dreams! Seems like I was dun mistaken about it. Brudder Jackson, how about dat clock strikin' thirteen times?"

"licekon I counted one too many, sah."

"Brudder Jones, how about dat new moon?"

"I doan' believe in no new moons, sah."

"An'. Brudder Bebee, yo' saw three white hossos an' 'spected de baby to die, did yo'?"

"No, sah. I jest went back home to git my hammer dat I'd dun forget."

"Oh, I see! Kurneli Johnson, how about dat teak kettle?"

"No, sah. I jest went back home to git my hammer dat I'd dun forgot."

'Oh. I soe! Kurnell Johnson, how about dat tea kettle?"

'Dat was all in fun, sah."

"It was. ch? Well. Ize powerful glad to h'ar dat dis club am all right on signs, warnin's, ghosts, an sich, an'i hope it will stay all right. Ize an old man, an' in my time Ize met up wid heans o' sich stuff. It ar' my candid bellef, based on sixty y'ars o' waikin' 'round on top dis y'arth, dat de man who runs biznoss 'cordin' to dreams an' signs was bo'n fur a fule an' jist missed it by an inch! I hain't gwine to be so arbitrary as to say dat cull'd folks can't see ghosts sittin' in de cane seat reckin cheer at midnight, wid deir eyes a-rollin an' deir teef a-clashin, or dat dey shan't h'ar death ticks in de wall an strange whispers floatin in de air. I simply say dat members of dis club who see an h'ar sich things will git down stairs an out o' dis organizashun wid such sudden rapidness dat race hosses can't ketch 'em! We will now hust up de meetin an' go home."

Abortsines in a Big Hotel.

From the Son Francisco Neur Letter. Grim old Chief Standing Bear of the Sloux. Black Bagle, Lost Horse, and the rest of them had some experience on their arrival here that made them more stolcal than ever. As they stepped into the Baldwin on Tuesday night, feathers awry and vermillen on their faces, they were at once conducted to the elevator, as Chief Clerk Hardenburgh had assigned them rooms on the fourth floor. The elevator door slammed, and the lift proceeded to get in its work. Then it was that the eyes of every individual Indian started from their sockets. The savages gave some big gasps and held their hands over their helts. Not a groan escaped them, but it was plain to see that they were as near surprised as Indians could be. Chadun, thirty miles from Pine Ridge, having been the biggest town they had been familiar with, the elevator system was new to them, and they let it be known that they were not positive as to the safety of the "house which went up and down in the air," the first they had seen.

When the chieftains got ready to go to bed they examined the mattresses and pillows critically, and finally concluded it was utterly impossible to sleep upon them. So, after throwing open overy window till the night breezes piayed about like a whirlwind, they dismantled completely the bedsteads, stacked up the mattresses, pillows, and then, wrapping themselves only in the blankets, retired on the floor to be comfortable. Next morning when they went in to breakfast the waiters showed them the bills of fare. Each warrier scanned his carefully and seemed to be lest in thought. "Give us pienty meat, coffee, bread," at last said old Standing Itear. "These make Indian fat, He want nothing else." Plenty of each was brought, and the red men, discarding knives and torks, sailed in with their singers.

The mogramme has been pretty much the same ever since. A book could be written about Standing Bear. Only allusions have thus far been made to him in any of the dailies. Properly speaking he is not a Sioux, but a Northern Cherenne. With Crazy Horse. Hunting Hog, and Old thief Gall, he has been at the head of nearly all the notable Indian wars for twenty years. He routed the Pawnoes, and once killed ten white men in a lone-some calion single-handed. On another occasion he defled and defeated alone thirty cavalrymen. It was Standing Bear who, under Sitting Buil, routed the United States forces when Caster did on the Little Rice Horn. from their sockets. The savages gave some big gasps and held their hands over

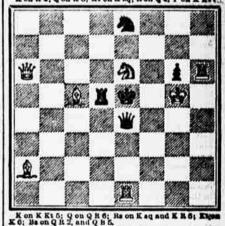
cavalrymen. It was Standing Bear who, under Sitting Bull, routed the United States forces when Custer died on the Little Big Horn.

OUR CHESS CORNER.

Among the poets in the realm of chess there s none more distinguished than Charles A. Gilberg, the jovial President of the New York State Chess Association and President of the Brooklyn Chess Club. Two years ago this gentleman published for circulation among his friends a collection of his problems under the title "Crumbs from the Chess Board." To-day the readers of THE SUN will have an opportunity of enjoying some of the "crumba."

en EBB d on Q E1 2, E 4, E B 4 and and Et 2: M on KE 2: (4) on K 24.

PROBLEM NO. 46.



White to play and mate in two moves

1 K-95 1 0-0 5 ch 8 0-0 5 ch mate 1 BxR 2 K-B7 1 REBONES 2 0-0 5 ch 5 2-6 5 mate 3 K-37

2 9-9 5 ch 8 9-9 2 or Kt 8 mate 1 R-B6 2 K-B6 or B-0 5 1 R-B 1.2.8. or 4 2 Q-Kt 8 ch 8 Q-Q 5 or R-Q 2 mate

Correct solutions also received from Junior, Rev York; J. Levy, New York; Thomas Fieldsend Provi-dence, R. J.; Charles Smith, West Point, N. Y.; East Schuhmacher, New York; Theodor Enspion, Philade

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANSWEIS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. Sch. New York—As stated in Thursday's Suz, Blackburne and Gunsberg will meet in September at Belfast, when Laster will try his skill against these experts in a triangular tournament. J. E. R. Brooklyn,—Your key move, Q—Q Kt. is defeated by R.—Bag, for you have not the continuation, B—K 2 ch. and Q—K 5 mate.

BELECTION OF GAMES.

It has been the custom of late years to offer a special brilliancy prize in international tournaments. At a similar event in Manchester such a prize was offered by Mrs. F. Lewis, wife of the late whist and chess expert. F. Lewis. The prize in question was awarded to Herr E. Schallopp of Berlin, for a game he played against the famous Parislan expert. Taubenhaus. Here is the full score of the game: TWO ENIGHTS DEFENCE.

BLACK (SCHALLOPP)-TWELTH PINCES. 世 AAAQ

From the Stam Free Press.

The Siamese nobility are awakening to the benefits which will accrue to their sons from the advantages of a good European education, and almost every year a number of the rising generation leave the shores of this country for the various colleges of England, France, and Germany. It is astonishing that the Siamese, who have taken so readily and rapidity to silk hose, billiards, and wine, should remain impassive to the music of western Europe, and the more so as the Siamese would rapidly become preficient with little time and attention. The plane, organ, or harmonium have not yet made their way among the Siamese the reason we can searcely account for, as there are few of the lighter or more airy products of civilization that have not been absorbed by the so-called French of the East.

The intricacies of chess have been mastered, billiards have no longer a charm, even dogeart driving is beginning to pall on the young scions of Stamese nobility who are every day becoming more blass. Let us have music and they have ever a solace at head, a friend, a monitor to lift them beyond the paltry, mean